

# GRANTITE

# REVIEW



# BRAND INGLIS

A HIGHLY IMPORTANT SCOTTISH SILVER  
COMMUNION CUP

THE BOWL IS ENGRAVED "ST LEONARD'S KIRK 1659".  
MAKER: EDWARD CLEGHORNE, EDINBURGH, 1658/9  
ASSAY MASTER: JAMES FAIRBAIRNE.



It is possible that this was the earlier cup for St Leonard's church in St Andrews, Fife. The present cup there was made in 1681 by William Law. It was given by Anne Murray, Lady Halket, when her son returned with a good report from his regent at St Leonard's College. Perhaps this forceful Lady (she was the daughter of Robert Murray, Provost of Eton College) persuaded the Elders to dispose of this one which they had presumably bought only twenty odd years before.

**9 HALKIN ARCADE, MOTCOMB  
LONDON SW1 TEL 01-235 6604**

# The Grantite Review

Election Term 1987

## Contents

Editorial .....	2
A Day in the Life of a Housemaster .....	3
House Football .....	13
Grants Fencing .....	17
House News .....	23
Photographs of Athletics Meeting .....	26

*Cover based on an original design by John Moseley  
(Grantite for the time being . . .)*

## Editorial

To convince all sceptics that Grantites really do take in something of what they're taught, we can sum up the average Grantite in one immortal, scholastic phrase:

"Non cogito, ergo, Grantius sum"

As for the Grantite Review:

"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"

What more can one say?



Linoprint—Peter Streeten

## A Day in the Life of a Housemaster

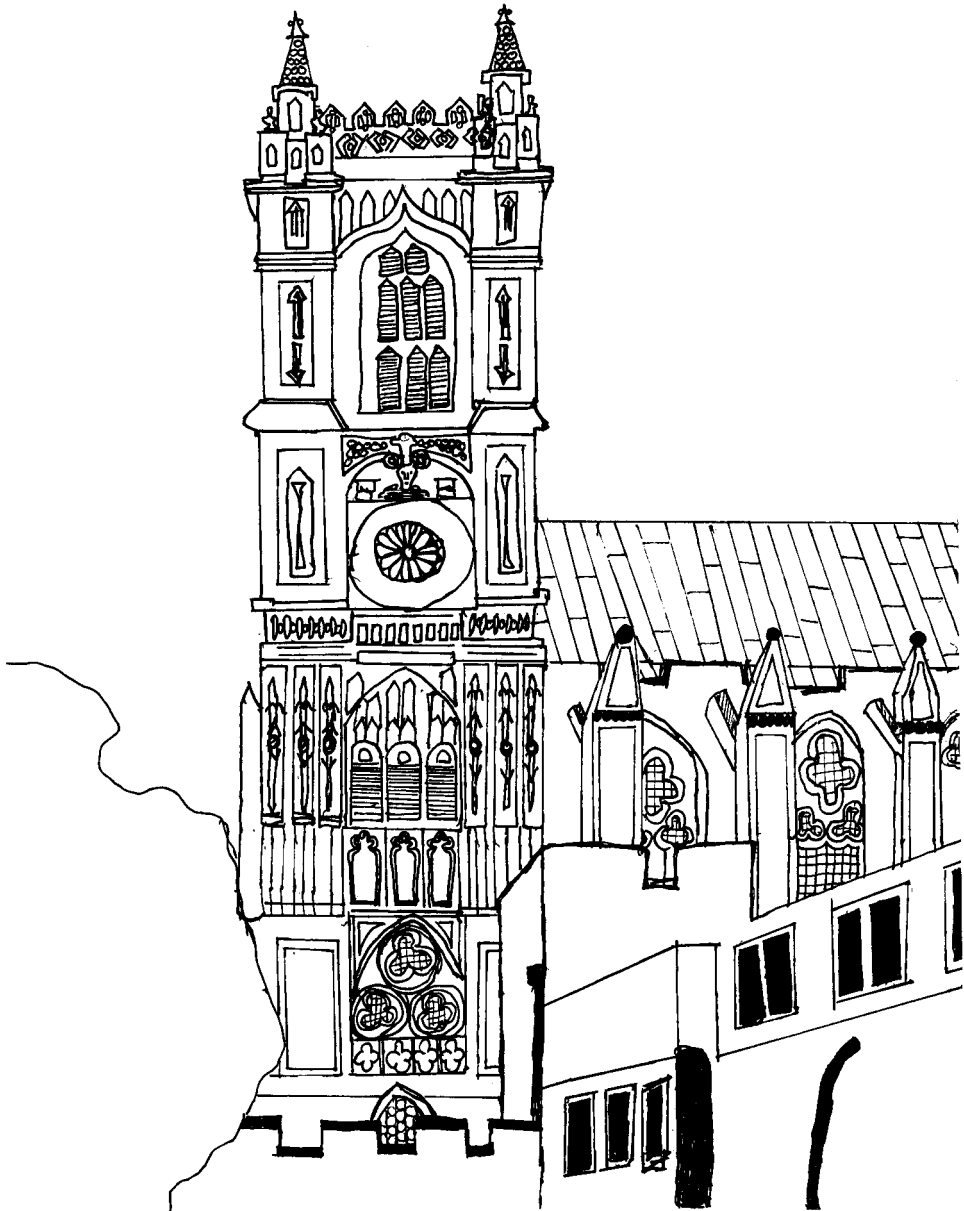
Wake up at 6.30, hoping that Tim has remembered his week-end chit. Go down into the house; it is silent and still. Take a run round St. James's Park, and watch the young signets as they float by on the lake, still sleeping it seems with their heads under their wings. Mr. Patel has delivered the papers by the time I get back—have a quick squint at the Express, take the Independent to look at over breakfast and make sure Merlin has started to wake people up. Big decisions—what shirt to wear? Go down to the study, sort the post and chat to Matron; two boys sick, the result of a bad hamburger, Simon has pulled a muscle and Jason has damaged his toe. The yard begins to fill. Chits are written, pocket money given out and Alistair goes off for an early Music lesson. Emily comes in to say good bye; she will be back at seven. Giles arrives and gets the house into the Abbey. Jim reads the lesson and his mother gives a talk to launch the Melanoma Research Appeal. Abbey makes a deep impression today. Must remember at lunch to remind everyone to take part in the non-uniform day. Dash to the Art School to talk about Titian, leaving Pat in the study armed with spray polish. She will cast a clean spell over the room by the time I return.

Break. Check lists, grab some coffee, see about some revision lessons and get back to teach something about colour to Vc. Lunch—the everlasting fruit! Give out notices, remember about the Melanoma Fund, say Grace and dive into the study in front of the rush making for the billiard table or "Neighbours" on the telly. Upper Shell now in the Art School. They are working on charcoal drawings based on postcards of famous paintings.

Now there is time before tea to check through lists and sort through the in-tray to see if I have forgotten some vital deadline. Has everyone given in their expedition sheet? Must ring up about a new pay-phone and see Kate about her university choices. Time for tea and a chat in the Common Room. Before prep' I wander through the house, Justin is on his way home, Sean is working on the roof garden and there's a rock band playing to Milo. As boys go to supper there is a short period of calm punctuated by the sound of a tennis ball being hit below. This is the time to relax, read the paper, take up my tapestry, even perhaps have a snooze.

Prep' is about to start. Nick is on duty, Toby is taking prep' and yet more fruit arrives. Kevin shares out supplies from College Hall and we all retire to our various retreats.

Supper—talk to Em about the day. At nine o'clock prep' is over. Nader has collected the list of people I need to see, Joseph is watering the window boxes, Tom is checking his tapes, and Manika has put out the milk bottles. Dan has returned from shooting. Stelios, Tom, Mayilone, Andrew and Dominic are watching "Sportsnight". Nick checks off and soon I can go to bed. But first I look across the yard at the Abbey, a picture to carry with me into the next day which is just beginning. Big Ben has struck twelve and it's time for sleep.



Pen and ink drawing—William Hamlyn

## Impossibilities?

Don't you want to catch the air,  
Don't you feel like hearing the sound of silence?  
I would like to shout quietly,  
And get someone pregnant on a spacewalk.  
If only I could reach the sun, the moon or the stars,  
Or even the end of the universe,  
Then I would certainly wake up in hell,  
And hear the shot that killed me.



Charcoal drawing—Edward Narain

# Old Westminster Types

## 1. **The Tory MP**

Still wears his "Liddell's House Juniors" with Saville Row suits. Probably did National Service after failing to get into Oxford. Never cheats on his wife because he "never understood all the fuss about that lark anyway". Children at Eton and Roedean. Main pleasure is drinking too much at lunchtime. Good at signing things—not so good at reading them first. Spends a lot of money on libel suits against Private Eye.



## 2. **The Labour MP**

Never wears his school tie because it is pink rather than red and so too wishy-washy. Buys suits from Oxfam (usually those sent in the previous week by his wife). Smokes too much, drinks Vodka too much. Got into Cambridge because his father is a peer. Believes passionately in "Social Equity" but still gets narked when his children don't get into Westminster.

## 3. **The City Gent**

Sent down from Oxford for beating up a don. Hat size: extra small, tie size: extra large. Would wear his "Rigaud's House Seniors" but he grew out of it years ago. Main interests are re-runs of "Upstairs, Downstairs", entertaining rich Arabs in Soho. Reads the FT when he's sober and more often, The Telegraph. N.B. See "Tory MP" for further info.







#### 4. **The Teacher**

Studiedly unkempt appearance to bring out the mother in his female students. Reminisces about flared trousers. Uncontrollable drinking bouts. Given to "devil's advocate" cynicism and out of context swearing in lessons. Has a shrine to Philip Larkin in his living room and enjoys breaking his leg.

#### 5. **The Advertising Exec**

After Liddell's he spent time at a Swiss finishing school. Did unmentionably badly at A-level so his father bought him a white gold convertible and got him this job in the family firm. He gets promoted a lot for not annoying anybody. Still a bit scrawny (he has great difficulty reading French Menus). Might well end up like number three.



#### 6. **The Smack Addict (or Old-Grantite)**

Rich parents. Known for sadistic violence directed against the little boys whilst at school. Used to spike his hair but doesn't bother now. Teachers said he didn't live up to his potential. Kicked out of Art School after a term. Father bought him an expensive "Fender Bullet" to give him "direction". After three years, he knows the A and E chords which he practises incessantly. Has left all he owns to a girl he kissed once. Likes Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, Acid, Smack, and dislikes having lung-operations. Could one day become Housemaster of Busby's.



J.M.

# Looming Treachery in Miami

(In the Shadow of Raoul Duke)

Across, past the shadow of McConahay warehouse, the Scarab Mk II powerboat glides gently on. Water arcs out from under the bow and two lines of smoke trail behind; Dr. Lucas Sharkkii and his West Coast finance advisor, Buckley McGovern stand at aft.

"So basically, I was told that my low threshold animation was due to my diet, I mean they were telling me my condition could be cured through appetitive re-inforcement. Okay, I said, okay, then how comes I still can't dance?", muttered Buckley.

"Time," says Lucas adjusting his Wayfarers, "enough. These moments fade in time as . . .".

"So" continued Buckley "We risk cancer from the rays emitted from the TV, the Greenhouse effect is taking place right now, but I mean, okay, why can't I keep time?". Lucas reached down onto the console and pressed "play" on the Nakimichi cassette deck. It was around Miami West flatlands, somewhere near Barstow, that the Reggae Dub began to take hold.

The blue/purple half-light of late summer evenings behind them, Tyrone began writhing to the rythym driven beat of "Sly & Robbie", whilst Lucas stood immobile, gazing ahead and occasionally adjusting his Wayfarers.

"It's too hot out here," announced Buckley. He ripped off his pinstripe jacket and threw it into the boat's dual rotors, "These flies are everywhere.". Lucas stared at the sweating mass of his finance advisor. "Let me drive.", he whispered. The boat tilted up, the twin Segal turbo engines roared, and they sped off across the river and into the night.

Some time later, they pulled into the Miami Sheraton power launch yard. Boat jockeys helped Lucas and Buckley into the hotel lobby. "Can you dance properly?", Buckley kept asking them. The sudden change in lighting, from night to fluorescent tube, felled Buckley. He slumped onto the thick pastel carpet and twitched. Bell boys rushed across the lobby towards the writhing body.

"What seems to be the problem sir?", queried the manager.

Lucas stopped slapping Buckley across the face and looked up. "Muscle fusion.", said Tyrone, adjusting his Wayfarers.

"Muscle fusion?" repeated the manager.

"What is this?", screamed Buckley. "I need para-medics and I need them now."

The manager looked to Lucas.

"He's right" said Lucas, "and make sure they have lung biopsy equipment and a scanning crew on standby.", he adjusted his Wayfarers, "I'll stay here and check his white blood cell count."

"But . . .", mumbled the manager.

"Don't argue with me, we have Total Credit, And while you're at it, send our luggage up to our suite." Lucas adjusted his Wayfarers, exposing two savagely dilated pupils. Lucas and Buckley ambled across the lobby towards the lift.

"Carcinogenic, toxic, they drew up a whole list of flashing stars on the computer. Life, I was telling them, is too short for this.", screamed Buckley agitatedly, leaning against the lift doors. The doors slid apart, revealing a seven foot Rasta. Lucas adjusted his Wayfarers.

"You is here to see HIM?", asked the Rasta.

"HIM?", asked Lucas.

"Ya man, HIM, Lord of Lords, King of Kings, I Conquering Lion of the XII Tribes, His Lord Imperical Majesty, Beloved I Rasta I who Ruleth from the Holy Mountain of Zion I?", uttered the Rasta.

"All I know,", said Lucas, "is that we're here to see Vidal Sassoon."

"Ya man, das da one."

They stepped into the lift.

Through the haze of smoke and pink filtered lighting basked Vidal Sassoon, sprawled within a vast couch. Dotted around the Memphis furniture were Rastafarians, two of whom flanked Vidal Sassoon on either side of his couch. As Lucas and Buckley were led into the room one of them spilled an espresso onto Vidal Sassoon's over size Yamamoto black suit.

"Oh you bitch,", shrieked Vidal, "that's the last time I buy servants from Idi Amin."

Then he noticed Lucas and Buckley. Slipping into a deep Jamaican brogue, he said "Hello darlings, take a pew. Now what haf you boys come to see I about?"

"This is Buckley McGovern, my West Coast finance director, and I am Dr. Lucas M. Sharkkii. MD, PhD, MCA.", murmured Lucas, adjusting his Wayfarers.

"Ya know.", nodded Vidal Sassoon." And I is Vidal Sassoon (One Love), run free and Nations surely surely stumble and fall under the righteous sound system and if you love JAH then your children shall be like flowers and flourish continuously. Children of JAH no more in the ghetto, no, no, no, no, no, more war in the ghetto, stand up and defend all your rights 'cos when you really right you could never take no might and no, no right, could ever take no might, and a be no, no, no right, says a when you really right so you no you really right, and when you're wrong, you got to

admit dat you be wrong all over and so me say a but a life all over, oh when you're really wrong . . .".

"Cut it, cos we're onto you and you're whole stinking goddamm lousy scam.", yelled Buckley.

Lucas looked at Buckley and shook his head.

"Really?", said Vidal, slipping back into a mid-atlantic drawl and arching his eyebrows.

"Yes, yes,", jabbered Buckley emotionally, "We know your WAYS."

Lucas dropped his Wayfarers.

"You mean my plan to mass market Dreadlocks across the globe as the fashion accessory for 1987 and thus through the covalent dreadlock bonding technique, control the subconscious of the users and ultimately control the world?", Vidal smiled.

"Yes.", shouted Buckley excitedly.

Lucas changed his Wayfarers.

"And you seemed like such nice boys.", said Vidal, he turned to his intercom and whispered, "McGovern and Buckley—take them out on the way down, and send me up my white cat."

—WACKY RACERS MUSIC, HI-SPEED CHASE THROUGH HOTEL LOBBY viz BEVERLEY HILLS COP—

## **PART TWO:**

Brain seizure . . . & the Nixon Factor . . . .

. . . Buckley has just finished ordering cheeses and grapefruits. Lucas is in the bathroom peeling a massive three pound peach. He walks onto the patio and lights a cigarette. Buckley opens his suitcase and picks out a can of "Mace" from within a tangled mass of scuba diving equipment. He walks out onto the patio and sits down on a cane chair next to Lucas. Seeing a midge on Lucas's hand, Buckley lifts up the can and pushes down hard on the trigger. Lucas begins to scream but it is too late. Intense and SAVAGE pains streak across each part of their exposed skin. They writhe in agony, mouths open in dry retches. They roll paralysed onto the darkened grass verge, and with a final burst of speed crash through the bushes into the river.

They float, limbs outstretched, faces to the moon and immobile, drifting with the slow dark river's current. Gradually the pain begins to ease and the cerebral membranes being to contract. Lucas adjusts his Wayfarers and spots the silent gleaming bulk of their boat. He climbs aboard and pulls Buckley in.

"Yo," says Buckley with a demented leer, "let's go shark fishing."

The boat swivels and heads off towards the interstate and away from Miami and Barstow. They smoke some cigarettes beneath the pale purple of the rising sun and watch birds flit across the sky.

"Moments in time fade as tears in rain. Time enough, time to die.", whispers Lucas. They glide past a sign on the riverbank, water arcing out from under the bow of their Scarab Mk II powerboat; twin trails of smoke drifting listlessly behind them. The sign reads—"Sly-go-Ville, disappear here."

"Youth and the momentary search for truth. The whole world is brutal. We children of the heart, have no hope. Hold on to what you got and close your eyes. Our time has just begun.", Lucas paused and adjusted his Wayfarers, "Fiery the angels fell." They fade/glide/melt into the distance.

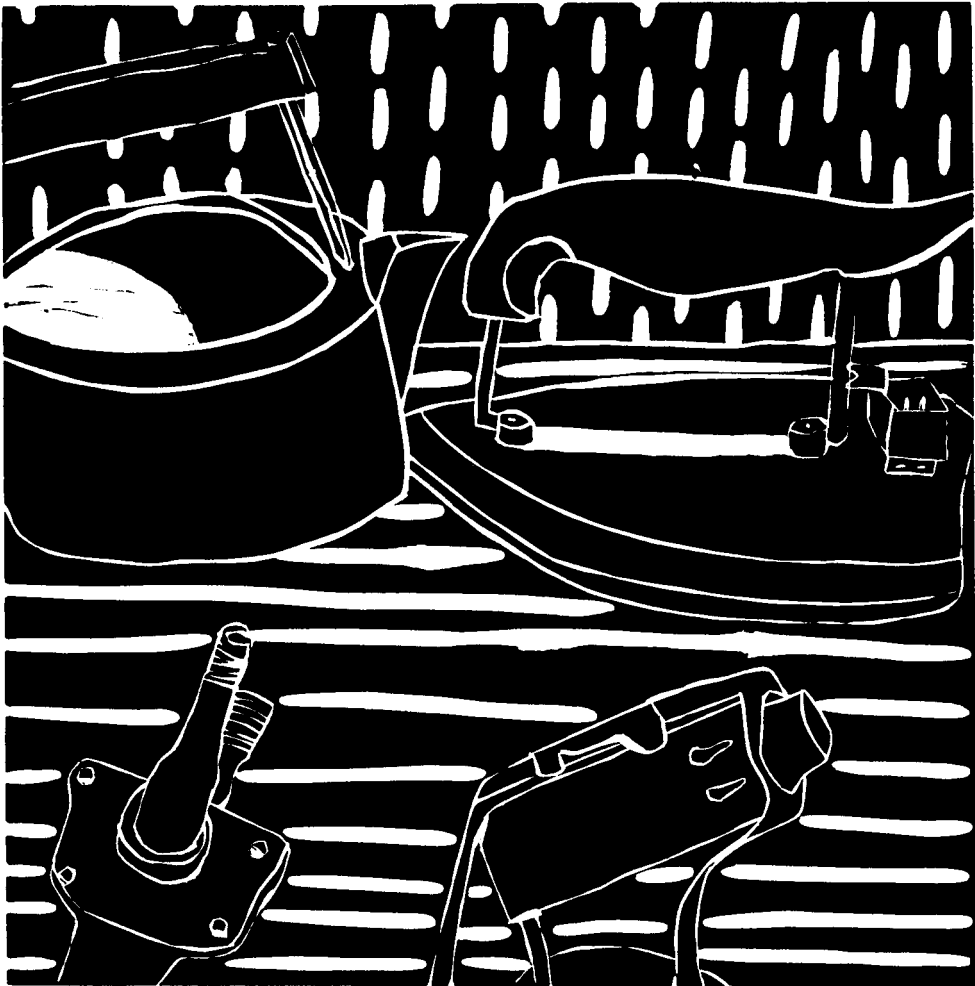
by Jason Tann



## Grant's Social Life

So Grant's is the best of the club,  
With Chris Clarke in charge of the mob.  
We may not be clever  
But at least we are never  
The last to get into the pub.

Oliver Hicks



Linoprint—Gabriel Conder

## House Football

"It doesn't matter whether you win or lose the game, it's just how good you looked."

"Clarke's Commandos" had made it to the final of the inter-universal football competition against the "Busby Babes". Having played out both normal and extra time without resolving the score, a penalty competition ensued. Who were to take Busby's penalties? Uncle Ben Rice, Rock "Yehudi" Hudson or Gregory Pecker.

"Keeeeeeeepooooout Stopnothing" stood in disbelief as the Grant's team went silent crushed by a cruel blow as the ball lifted the back of the net. Griffiths the culprit sank to his knees, moans were heard from such old Chestnuts "Soul Priest Buchanon, Pemberton, Burton, Twomey, Doctor, Aru Lill, Aspa and Baxter; not forgetting Westerway who had stupidly put his life's savings on Grant's to win, unaware of the "Master Plan". After this catastrophe, the usually reliable Mark also failed to miss. What were we to do? Divine intervention came in the form of Thomas and Justin, the heroes of the day who to a standing ovation missed beautifully. Let us not forget how eagerly the Grantites pleaded for Hudson to retake the penalty he had missed.

If it seems that we, who sweated blood on that pitch, treat this as a joke, it is only because it was always going to be a joke. You see, to us, biased (but at least we admit this) Grant's, in our 5-year stay has seemed to be the only house that has shown unity, determination and spirit—ideals advocated by the School. When these qualities are displayed on the football pitch, it is perhaps ironic they should be debased and devalued.

WE LOST, BUT WHO WON?

Mel Smith is 94.

The Study Barons

## Daniel Doulton's "Greaze"

Tuesday started off with the mundane chomping of cornflakes followed by some new dish from the College Hall culinary egg society. In a dazed stir of my coffee, I turned away from my world to a mumble from behind me.

"What?" I asked.

"Are you in the Greaze, Dan?" I was asked. Sheepishly looking around, it all came to me. The Greaze!

"Yeah, you bet!" I answered, realising that today was the chance for what is known as, by the non-pacifists in the Common Room as an organised few minutes to let the boys fight for a pancake for no reason other than tradition. Remembering stories of past Greazes, I knew there was a hell of a lot of tradition to keep up with: no rules but no weapons. It was time to dig out some DM's and some weird clothing. Then, the idea of piling onto a frenzied heap of bodies, full of people groping for nothing, drove me to a state of aggression. Spectator violence? This is it. Who cares about the pancake?

A few minutes before it was dressing-up time, which usually involves the attachment of wigs and jumping into old tights and boots, I realised I'd only got a pair of tails. After a few frantic minutes of turning out my drawers, I resorted to rustling through other people's studies, to emerge from my study as the 99th Count Dracula to walk up school.

Our pre-Greaze briefing and numbering for the lineup was inevitably done by Mr. "Tough-nut" Murray.

The procession entered the main hall up school and I was right at the back, number 36.

"Do the biz, Dan!" came from a fellow Grantite along with "Go get some hanky man," from another.

"Who's the berk dressed like a Count?" came from another direction.

A wall of jeering faces surrounded me. 6' 4" giants, Jim Deans and mates, clad in gear to damage, began a feeling of regret. Panic and fear flooded me. What was I doing here? Never again, no, never again.

Suddenly I saw the chef about to sling the pancake over the bar. Instinctively I moved towards where it was going to land, from the way he threw it. The next thing I remember was being on the floor clutching this hot object feeling the impact of surging bodies land on me making me thinner and thinner until breathing was quite a feat. I tried desperately to wriggle loose or even let go of the damned thing, just to be able to breathe and move, but I could scarcely move my fingers, now embedded into the pancake.



A DM appeared in my vision, moving about violently, followed by a hand and various parts of the human anatomy. Looking up a bit I realised my head was under a chair in the front spectators' row, a face now grinning up at me from above.

Suddenly I felt my tails being pulled along with my trousers, until a distinct ripping noise was audible.

"Oh my God! Not my clothes being ripped off!" was my concern as I felt numb with pressure. I could no longer hear or think as a nauseous smell filtered through my nose and mouth.

The next thing I knew I was looking up at a circle of faces, rather bewildered. I peeled myself off the floor and realised I held virtually the whole pancake in my hands. I'd won! I couldn't believe it.

"I didn't know you had it! Why didn't you tell me . . .? Flukey bum," mumbled the group who had been on top of me.

After receiving a gold crown for ceremonial purposes only, soon to be exchanged for a fiver from the Dean, we all piled out into yard, where I was flooded with questions and congratulations.

"Where did you put it?" was the main question.

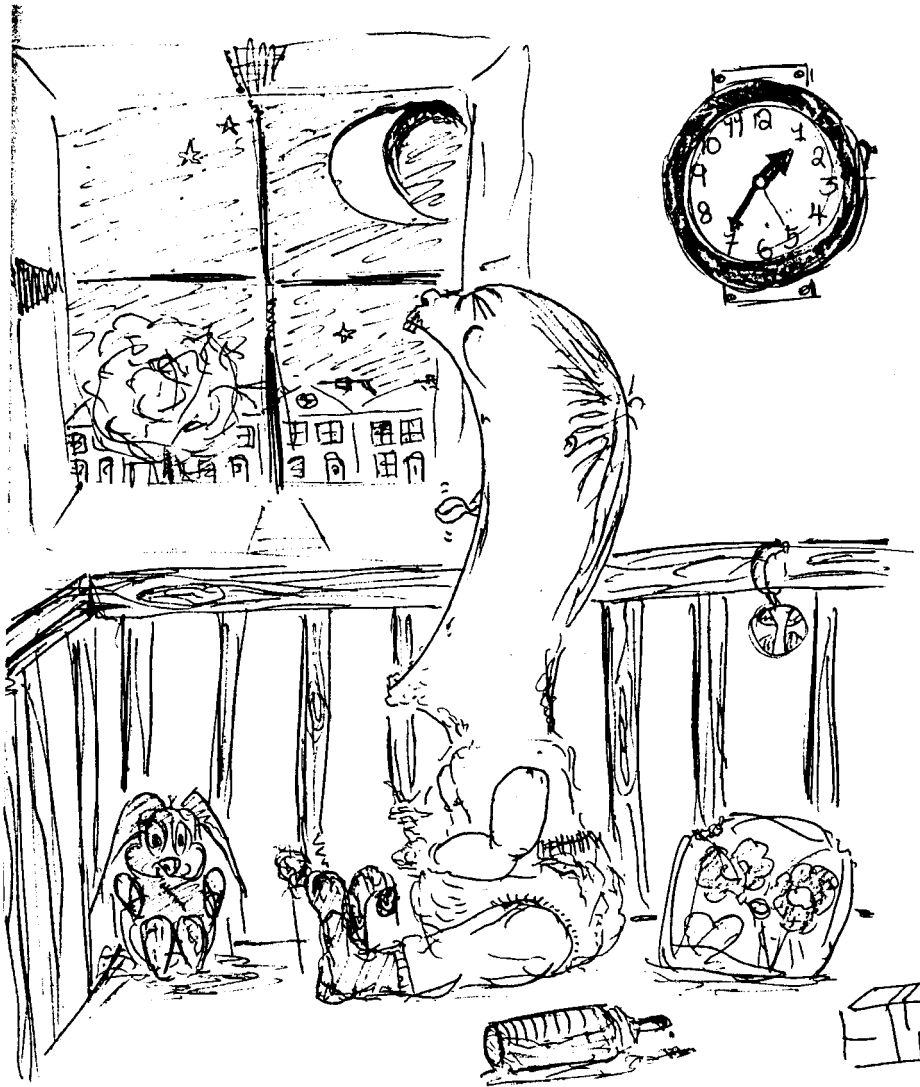
Good question. Where did I put it?



Big Danny after 'The Greaze'

For all contemporary Grantites,  
The Mat Leeming exhibit remains  
intact with many new items on show.  
Funds are needed for its expansion  
into new fields of labels, for further  
study of the Grantites' stage.

J.S.B.



Christian Brent

### **WINNING WAYS**

**How "winning" companies create the products we all want to buy**  
by James Pilditch

*Winning Ways* describes how "winning" companies design and develop the products we all want to buy. It describes how these companies achieve this product development continually and relentlessly.

*Winning Ways* will make everyone in business question how their businesses operate and what changes they must make to compete.

0 06 318391 9 Cloth 224pp £12.95 June 1987

### **GCSE:**

#### **Examining the New System**

edited by Tim Horton, School of Education, O.U.

Leading experts, in original contributions, consider the educational, political and administrative issues raised by the new examinations. Key topics covered include school and staff development needs, GCSE in the changing pattern of 14-19 curriculum development, and the application of the new national subject criteria.

0 06 318360 9 Paper 244pp £8.95



Books available from:

**Harper & Row Ltd**

**28 Tavistock Street, London WC2E 7PN**

## **Grant's Fencing 1987**

This has been another very active season for Grantites in the Fencing Station. We have expanded our numbers with our new facility in St. Andrew's gym and enjoyed the expert tuition of our two new coaches, Ziemek Wojciechowski and Tomak Walicki.

We've welcomed two new Grant's fencers into the junior section—Merlin Sinclair and Manicka Balasegaram—and I've looked with considerable interest on their rapid and enthusiastic development of basic skills.

Further up the Station I've noted the increasingly confident style of Paul-Daniel Conway, Peter Streeten, Gabriel Conder and Zahid Bilgrami. The latter two have become regulars in the intermediate team squad, which is very encouraging for their future prospects next term.

Nigel Voak has continued to be a stalwart of the Sabre section while James Pemberton deserves very special mention as our new armourer. He has transformed the way in which the job is done and is the most proficient fencing technician I have known at Westminster.

Next year we have much to look forward to, with a strengthening of our second and third teams and an expanded entry into the major international competitions. Much of the success of this will depend on the energies and talents of our Grant's fencers.

A.J.T.

## **“We Want More Money”**

An Interview with the Granite Cleaners

For many years now, the cleaning ladies' voice has not been heard. They glide through Grant's on their vacuums; unnoticed by most, ignored by others (with the exception perhaps of the recently departed and sorely missed Lil).

Last term, we disconnected their extension cords for long enough to interview them in their natural habitat—a dimly lit basement room, full of stubbed out cigarettes and half-finished cups of tea. Without any encouragement, they volunteered the following memorable lines.

“We want more money . . . Cover work don't get no extra . . . Wages are much lower than ILEA schools: at least £1.50 an hour behind . . . Half-pay in holidays . . . Only get £50 a week after early working from 9.30–2.00: and if we don't do dinner, we get £30 or less . . . Food's disgusting. Never enough of the stuff the kids like . . . No bonus at Exmas (no Xmas box, no less) . . . No social get-together any more . . . Once (wistfully) we had a day trip to Brighton . . . It's all down to pay”

Rather knocked out by this indignant outburst, we then posed a few gentle questions.

- How does Mr. Clarke compare to Mr. Baxter as a housemaster?
- Baxter has 2 kids. He understood kids better. But it's too early to tell.
- Would you send your children here?
- No, we wouldn't. There's no family atmospheres. It's entirely education and above all, they're not well fed.
- Do you think of us all as “spoilt little rich kids?”
- (dubiously) Weeeeelll, no. Some boys think they're status symbols. Others are quite nice, but most are ignorant and rude.
- Would you want a change of uniform?
- Yes provided we don't have to go topless. I've got nothing there. What we do need is an allowance for tights! We also want another room.
- How do you feel about not being allowed to belong to a Union?
- Cheated.
- So what do you think about the other members of staff?
- Matron is a very understanding woman. (Matron enters).
- Do you wish to add anything?
- (Ominously) “I could say a lot. But I'd better not really.”

Melissa Chapman and Kate Alvarez

# Mr. Boring Counts Some Cracks

by Daniel Jeffreys

"Good morning," said Mr. Boring from under the telephone directory he was memorising. "I'm going to count the cracks in the pavement," he informed his wife who was reciting logarithms on top of a maths text book.

"Yes dear," droned his wife painfully, "but remember, don't get interested."

Mr. Boring did up his coat buttons one by one, then undid them and fastened them up the other way. After alternating these two actions for a little over two days, he stepped out into the grey emptiness. He put his hands in his pockets and then fished them out with an aluminium fibre fishing utensil. Back home he remarked:

"Oh golly, I've left my gloves behind and I wouldn't want to catch a chill so I thought I would return to my home and wife in order to retrieve the mischievous pair."

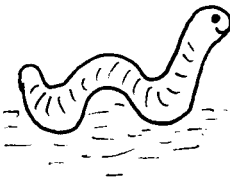
His wife yawned for she was thoroughly bored and stated the apparently obvious:

"Yes, that's good, a chill would be most irritating in this inclement climate. I'll just go and look at them for you."

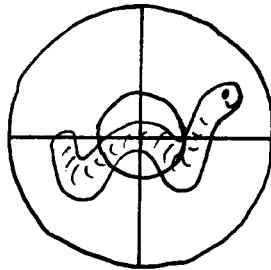
Mrs. Boring was as good as her word and truly gazed at the gloves, attempting to bore herself even more. Mr. Boring secured his useful possessions, namely his name, his telephone number, computafax reference data sheet Q147 and his subscription to "Numbers Weekly", in which a different figure was printed lots of times on a sheet of sterile paper. He liked to read the number all over the magazine.

With his gloves on, he promptly counted to 2036, gave a quick rendition of all the people who had won the "Littlewoods" pools since 1978 in alphabetical order: he didn't get much stimulation in his job as a history teacher.

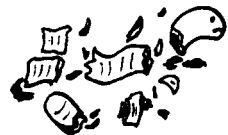
Mr. Worm



by Lucien Clayton



BANG!





Joss by Patrick Dickie

## The Popularity of Grant's Tea

For the past few terms Grant's tea has gained popularity and been frequented by an increasing number of non-Grantites.

We ask the question: "Why?"

Let's start with the tea itself. The fine Darjeeling leaves are grown in only the most lush, loam soils of south east Assam, where the valleys are fed by the Spring meltwater of Himalayan snow and herds of wildebeest (no bulls?—Ed.) sweep graciously across the plains being chased by their own dust clouds.

The food has much more modest origins but it never fails to delight non-Grantites. For example, one day I was walking home with a Sixth Form girl (which I thought was pretty cool considering I'm only in the Lower Shell) when she ruined the journey by hitting the most boring topic for conversation—Grant's Tea. I quote: "Streuth! You have such a nice tea in Grant's. You get choc rolls and fruity buns. In College Hall we only get . . ." (Have you every heard a worse chat-up line?) My reply, in struggling to maintain a conversation, was simply "Yes."

If it is not the tea or the food that makes Grant's Tea a magnet for socialites then it must be us Grantites.

Could it be Daniel M. Doulton's (my idol) exclusive pose?

Is it the haunting spectre of Alex Mosley?

Or could it be his opposite: the golden sunshine smile and charm of Ollie Hicks?

Perhaps it is the Grantite way of pouring tea. This is the one-handed method during which the other hand can live a separate life, that is, in your pocket, in your left ear, in your right ear, in someone else's ear, nailed to the table, grasping Ollie Hick's throat or at home finishing your homework.

Or perhaps it is the winsome smile of the magnificent Mollie?

But, if you ask me, the most likely reason for the popularity of Grant's tea is not its content or its maker but those Beastie Boys themselves . . . Jabba and Hutt . . .



Norman Bates by Dan Doulton



## House News

### *Election Term 1986*

Departures were: Curtis, Fernando, Graham-Maw, Lavenstein, Manji, Miller Smith, Mills, Patten, Ross, Sheppey, Thompson, Wertheim, Woodfield.

### *Play Term 1986*

Griffiths was Head of House

Evans was Head of Hall.

Monitor in chare of Buckenhill: Pemberton T.

Monitor in charge of Fernie: Burton

Boarding Monitors: Christodoulou, Arumagasamy

Day Monitors: Fiona Greggains, Perry

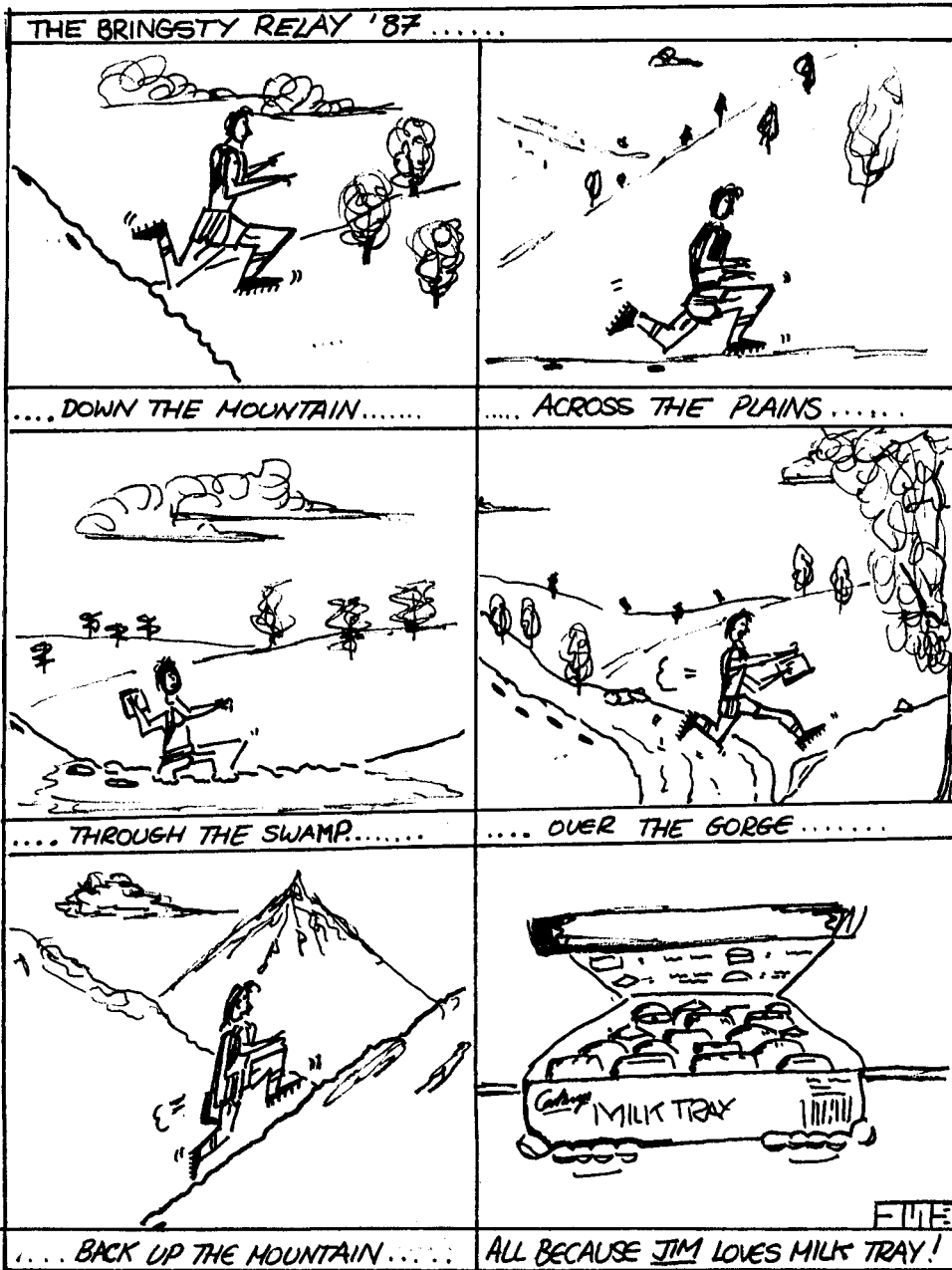
Arrivals: Akle, Balasegaram, Blacher, Csaky, Dummett, Forsyth, Lipari, Shulman, Sinclair

### *LENT AND ELECTION TERMS 1987*

The monitorial remained the same.



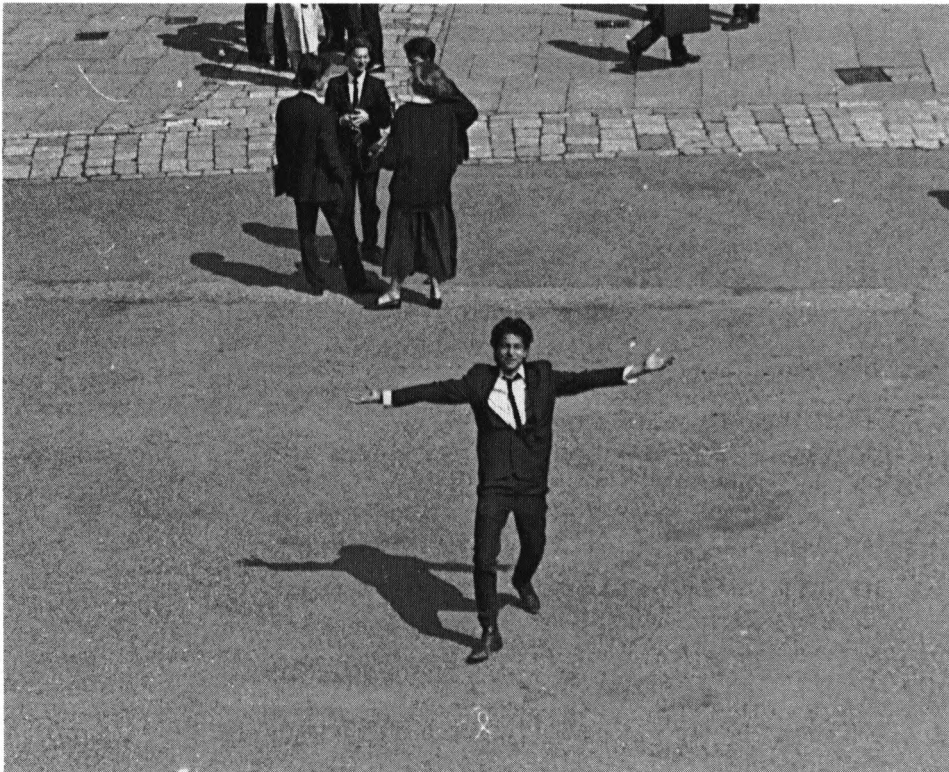
Pen and ink drawing—Paul Daniel Conway

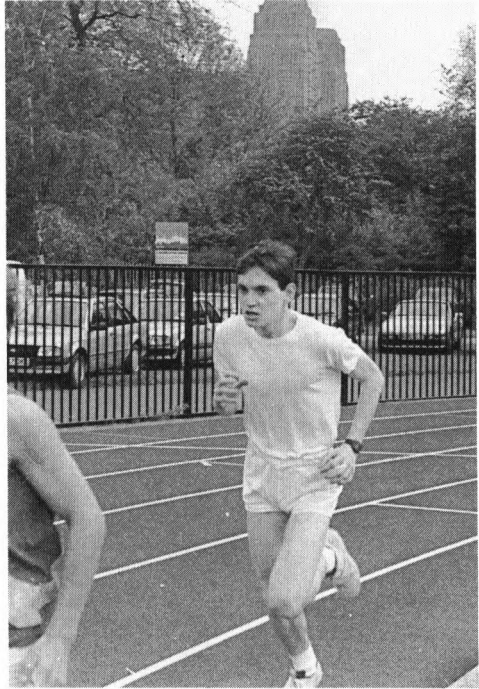
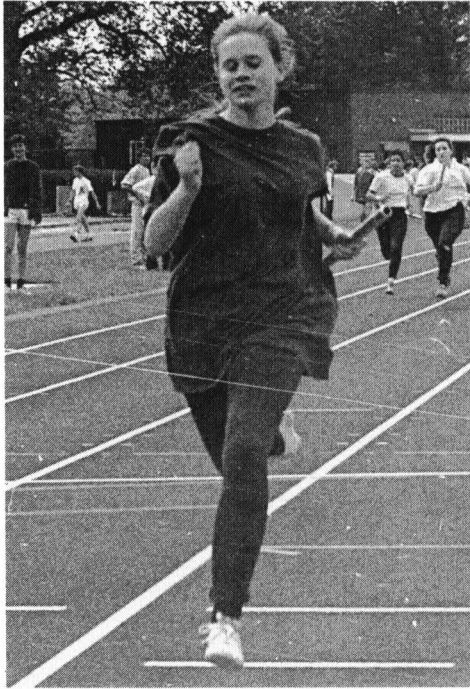
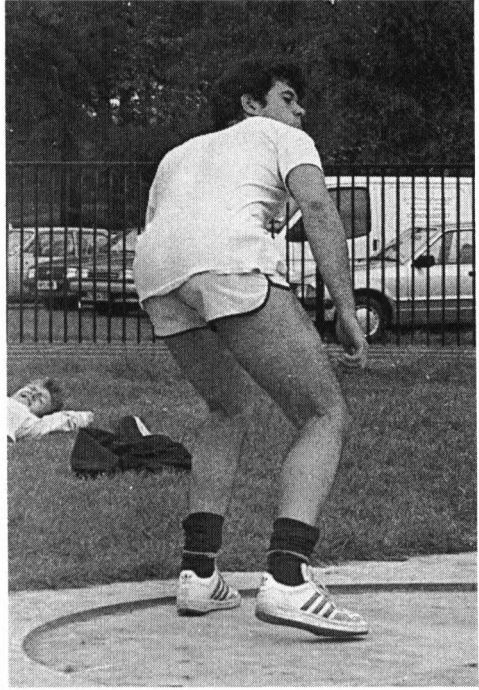


Christian Brent

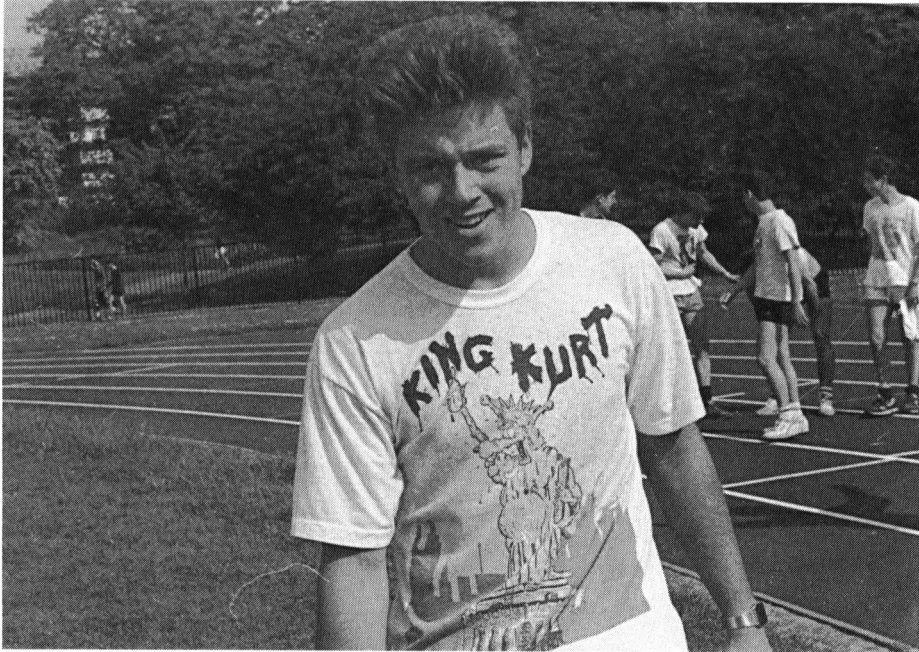
I feel you like a star  
Which looks on me with untwinkling eye.  
I see you like the wind  
Which I chase around the world  
You sould like pure silence  
Which fills me with peace  
You taste like death  
Killing right and left  
You sound like a stone  
Stoning me to death  
You feel like the air  
Necessary to survive  
You taste like the world's end  
Which is never reached  
You look like yesterday  
Which can never come again  
You are impossible and infinite  
Spinning me to oblivion.

Merlin





Athletics Meeting



19th May 1987

## Grant's—1986/1987

Akle, N.  
Alvarez, Kate  
Arumugasamy, M.  
Aspa, M. D.  
Balasegaram, M.  
Beverley, W. V. P.  
Bilgrami, S. Z. H.  
Blacher, P. R.  
Bottomley, Cecilia  
Boyd, M. T. B.  
Braithwaite, M. F.  
Brent, C. N.  
Buchanan, T. A.  
Burton, N. G.  
Chapman, Melissa  
Christodoulou, S. A.  
Clayton, L. J.  
Conder, G. B.  
Connolly, D.  
Connolly, K.  
Conway, P-D.  
Csaky, L. S.  
De, Anita  
Dickie, P. J.  
Doulton, D. M.  
Dummett, M. S.  
Earle, D.  
Enoeda, D. C.  
Evans, K. C.  
Farha, D.  
Forsyth, A. T.  
Glasser, D. J.  
Goulden, A. M.  
Gover, J. D.  
Greggains, Fiona  
Grey, Antonia  
Griffiths, J. G. R.  
Hamilton, A. S.  
Hamlyn, W. T.  
Hammerson, S. P. C.  
Heaton, P. H. J.  
Hedayati, B. K.  
Hewitt, T. E. G.  
Hicks, O. S. R.  
Horne, A. E. D.  
Horwood, J. E. M.  
Hughes, R. J. V.  
Ingham, F. E.  
Ingram, Deborah  
Jeffreys, D. C.  
Jones, M. E.  
Land, F. H. D.  
Levy, J. R.  
Likierman, M. D.  
Lipari, G.  
McCleish, A. J. P.  
Manderson, T. O.  
Martin, T. R. E.  
Meier, G. A.  
Mosley, A. J.  
Mustapha, D. S.  
Narain, E. S. D.  
Narain, Y. S.  
O'Hara, S. M.  
Pemberton, J. W.  
Pemberton, T. W.  
Perry, A. A.  
Perry, G. J. A.  
Shulman, L. A. H.  
Sinclair, M. G.  
Sparkes, M. J.  
Sri-Skanda-Rajah, A.  
Streeten, J. P.  
Tann, J. E.  
Themen, D. T. L.  
Thompson, Z.  
Twomey, M. C.  
Voak, N. F. H.



# Leaving school? The last thing you need is a lecture on economics.



At last the big bad world beckons.

What's more, you'll have enough problems trying to get a job without a bank manager giving you a hard time on the ins and outs of money management.

Well you won't get it at Lloyds Bank.

But what you will get is free banking, (provided your account stays in credit).

A cheque card, issued at the manager's discretion, a Cashpoint card which you can use at over 1700 dispensers.

And a range of savings accounts.

Call in at your local Lloyds Bank branch.

We'll give you a wealth of advice certainly.

But a talking to? Never.



**Lloyds  
Bank**

A THOROUGHbred AMONGST BANKS.

Lloyds Bank Plc, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS.



For enterprise  
and efficiency in banking and  
financial services, your Midland Bank's  
got it all. Which is good news for school leavers!  
With the Midland here to help with your life-style,

interests, maybe even a  
job, you'll find you've got  
a firmer future to bank on.

If you're studying for GCE

'O' or 'A' levels (or equivalent), find out about our free careers  
literature. Write to us at The Recruitment and Development

Office, Midland Bank plc, First Floor, Buchanan House,  
24-30 Holborn, London EC1N 2HY.

**SO MUCH MORE  
AT YOUR MIDLAND**



**Midland Bank**

*Midland Bank is an equal opportunities employer.*